

New American Girl, Autumn Model, to Be "100 Per Cent. Feminine"

"FLAPPERS' DAY IS DONE," SAYS ALICE M. WILLIAMSON

Bobbed Hair Is Going Out With Short Skirts, and Curls, Coils and Braids Are Coming In.

By Marguerite Moores Marshall.

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"MRS. WILLIAMSON, whom we all know best as the 'A. M.' of that famous team of romance fabricators, C. N. and A. M. Williamson, co-authors of 'The Lightning Conductor,' 'The Motor Maid,' 'The Brightener' and a score of other joyous love stories, sat across the table from me in the dining room of the Hotel Belmont. She arrived in New York only the other day, with a budget of entertaining talk about the actual discovery of the lost chapel of Edward II. in the ruins of Glastonbury Cathedral, through the drawings and descriptions spiritistically communicated by an old monk to a British Army officer; about Dr. Steinhilber of Vienna and his rejuvenation experiments; about the appalling condition of after-the-war life in that city, which Mrs. Williamson has depicted in her latest story, entitled '666.'"

But there's another bit of news—or perhaps we should call it prophecy—brought by Mrs. Williamson, which I believe Evening World readers will find of quite special interest. It's just this—we're going to have a New Girl this autumn, a girl different from anybody we've seen for a long, long time!

"The Charmer," Mrs. Williamson asserted confidently, "is coming back. The flapper is going out—let the moralists be reassured—but she will not be succeeded by a prim Priscilla. How I should hate that! The Autumn Girl, in my opinion, is going to be the heroine of romance, the girl who leads men a dance, the graceful, dainty, modest, utterly alluring Girl-as-She-Used-to-Be."

"And," the writer of romance added with a smile, "how the men will adore her!"

Personally, I have suspected that this old-new type of femininity was just around the corner, ever since I read the forecast of this autumn's styles. The style in dress so often determines the style in girls. And I was delighted to find that Mrs. Williamson agreed with me.

"We know," she pointed out, "that the long skirt, swinging and clinging and graceful, is to be with us—as a matter of fact, in England we've had it for over a year. And bobbed hair is going out again, in its place we may expect curls and coils and braids. Of course, we shall have a girl to match the gown and the coiffure; a feminine creature instead of a boyish one."

"We mustn't blame the boyish girl of the last few years," she added quickly and kindly. "She was a direct outgrowth of the war. When that was on, the short crop of hair was a convenience—it saved as much time for the girl war worker. The short skirt gave her the freedom of movement she required to do the work of boys and men. Very naturally, she acquired other bits of boyish 'business'—slang, brusquerie of manner, freedom of behavior, a sort of general hardening."

"She wasn't to blame. We sent the men to fight; then we told the girls and women that they must be as much like men as possible, in order to shoulder the burdens men left at home. So there was a perfectly natural temporary demoralization, and its results have lingered."

"Now the world doesn't need the girl-boy any longer. So it says, 'Please go back and be a dear, sweet, adorable girl.' At last I believe the girl has heard and heeded this request."

"It was about time," Mrs. Williamson added, a reminiscent twinkle in her clear blue eyes. "The last visit I made here, I heard such a heart-felt comment from one of your nice-looking men. He and a friend were standing together when a group of short-skirted flappers went by. 'Oh! I heard him fairly groan, 'I am so tired of legs!'"

"Men are tired of legs—and of all that goes with them. They are tired of—shall we say, the utter lack of reserve many girls and women have shown, in arraying the upper part of their bodies. They are tired of bobbed heads, that are as much alike as so many balls of cotton-wool. They are tired of the girls who park themselves."

"It seems to me," I observed, "that the modern young woman has taken her Bernard Shaw a bit too literally. Of course, as he says, it is woman who is the pursuer, and man who is the pursued—but the clever woman never, never lets the man realize that fact."



MRS. ALICE M. WILLIAMSON

"She doesn't stick out her head toward the man of her choice and say, 'Now here's my head for you—buck it!' She puts that little head consideringly on one side, looks over all the men in sight, says to herself, 'mind—this is the one I want,' and then is so subtle, so provocative, so luring, that he is soon saying to himself, 'the very thing I can never, ever capture that maddening and elusive creature!'"

"Instead of making one in a petting party," I suggested, "the Charmer finds a man that is how wonderful, how utterly marvellous it would be if she should ever allow him to pet her. She makes him beg for a flower, instead of taking a casual kiss."

"These offhand kisses!" shivered the creator of romance and the de-

fender of Romance. "If two persons are going to exchange germs and pyorrhoes, I think at least they should have the compensation of being really in love."

"It is women," she added, more seriously, "who are the custodians of Romance. It is they who through all the ages have kept its torch alight. During the last few years they haven't guarded the flame as carefully as they might. As I said, we mustn't blame them for we asked them to perform other and sterner duties. But that's over now. Girls and women have the time to become romantic again, to cast over themselves the old glamour. There is time for them to be courted. There is time to re-enact and re-enforce the old code of courtesy, of manners, between men and women."

"And I believe that the Autumn Girl brings Romance in her train," ended Mrs. Williamson. "She won't show all of herself at a glance; she won't show all of her heart in a moment. She will make modesty the thing and sentiment 'the style.' She will be dainty, tantalizing, gentle, tender, spirited, subtle. She will keep them guessing—and she will be utterly desirable."

"In short," summed up this delightful prophet, "the eternal feminine will take the place of the temporary flapper!"

Do I—or do I not—hear three rousing cheers?

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HOW many times have we heard the expression "If I say so myself," and then almost always follows some self-praise.

When I hear people say "If I must say so myself," I know they are going to compliment themselves and want to preface this and make excuses for it. The person who says continually "If I must say so myself," is conceited, to say the least.

It is often the best policy for some one else to have good things to say about you—which brings us to the individual who always tells us about the fine things he has done.

You will find him in your midst, the great "I Am,"—he who must always "say so" for himself—for nobody else will. He is always boasting about his conquests, especially with women, and when he does this he should be shunned.

You will always find that the party who must perpetually tell what a great man he is has rarely done anything at all. He is usually a will-o'-the-wisp that jumps from one thing to another.

The same old adage "Actions speak louder than words" still holds good. There was one thing that was impressed on the man who went to war that has stood him in good stead ever since, and that was not to boast. The fellow who ever boasted about any deed of his was usually squelched or ostracized.

And thus a fine morale grew up which made men hesitate even to mention the heroic deeds to which they rose in great moments.

I have in mind two or three splendid men who were credited with brave acts during the war and I have tried times without number to have those men tell me the stories, but without success.

New Girls Will Be More Modest, Kiss Less, Pet Less and Keep Men Constantly "Guessing."

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I have in mind two or three splendid men who were credited with brave acts during the war and I have tried times without number to have those men tell me the stories, but without success.

They treat them lightly and refuse to talk about them. Small wonder that they wear medals. They are modest men and they let others speak of their successes.

How much more weight there is to the praise that is given by somebody besides oneself! This trait was very much adhered to during the war. In fact, it has entered the make-up of many of our boys who did not have it before and they now hesitate to tell of their own worthiness.

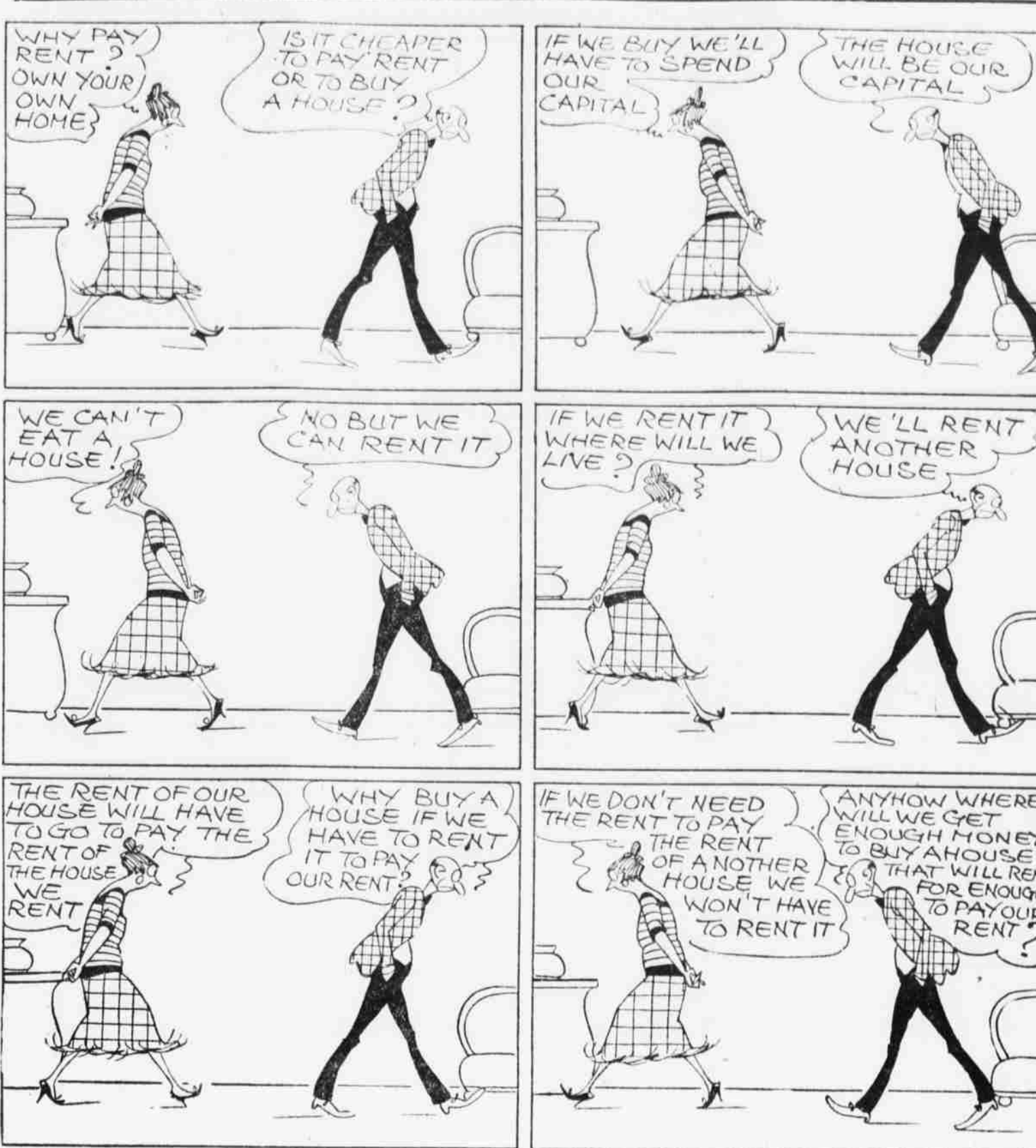
But we still have with us the man who loves to talk about himself and what a great fellow he is. I would not like to trust such a man with anything of importance. I think usually he would talk about it more than he would act upon it.

The men who are given the most important work to perform are those who are quiet, who have little to say about their own accomplishments and who go on doing their duty as a mat-

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



THE JARR FAMILY

By Roy L. McCardell

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"YOU'LL have to go to the station house and bail out Dr. Gilbert Gumm and Irene Cackleberry. I hope they have not been put in a cell together, for poor dear Irene would be compromised," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Then Dr. Gilbert Gumm would have to marry her, if he has any chivalry at all," quipped Mrs. Muller-Smith.

The dancing and music had stopped and all the guests of the Summer Night's Festival Mrs. Jarr was tendering the Cackleberry girls of Philadelphia gathered around.

"You have to go with me, Jack, and give bond," said Mr. Jarr.

"Not me," Mr. Jack Silver stoutly declared. "If that guy Gumm runs off with Irene Cackleberry and my car, let him bail himself out, and if the car is busted, I should worry; I've got it insured."

"I suppose I'm to go alone, hey?" Mr. Jarr indignantly protested. "Some of you ladies better come along; and let her sister come, too."

"You must excuse me," replied Miss Gladys Cackleberry, as she yawned behind her lily white hand.

For Gladys was noted for her good manners. "But I'm dead tired, and if Irene could leave the party which Mrs. Jarr was giving in her honor as well as mine, with that saphead dentist, Doctor Gilbert Gumm, and not even say 'excuse me'!"—again Miss Gladys Cackleberry was yawning behind her hand—"why, I'm not going to lose my sleep over it," and with-out more ado, the speaker retired to her bedroom to cache her apollis, for she noted her victim, Mr. Silver, had slipped away, leaving his portable property in her hands, but having still escaped from proposing.

At these departures, the rest of the guests, murmuring that they had no idea that it was so late, got their wraps, and assured Mrs. Jarr they had a wonderful time, and left also, with the single exception of the self-invited guest, Detective McGonigle of the Bootleg Squad, who was asleep on the sofa.

"You'd better go to the station-house and get them out, I tell you!" said Mrs. Jarr peevishly, as she and Gertrude, the maid, started to straightening out the furniture and clearing up the debris of the Summer Night's Festival.

"Why am I always the fall guy?" muttered Mr. Jarr. "Why can't somebody else go?"

"You go ahead!" said Mrs. Jarr, turning to her husband. "If you think I'm going with you, you're mightily mistaken. I have responsibility enough, and if Irene Cackleberry chooses to leave the party, I'm giving her and her sister, and compromise herself, let Dr. Gumm marry her, if you can't get them out of jail."

"Dr. Gumm marry her?" repeated Mr. Jarr. "Why, he only took her for a ride in Jack Silver's racer, for a lark."

"Well, if he took her for a lark, all I have to say is that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!" snapped Mrs. Jarr enigmatically.

"And if you must have company, wake up that detective who has been making a nuisance of himself around here all evening, and put him to work. Let him help you get Irene Cackleberry and Dr. Gilbert Gumm out of their scrape."

"But suppose he won't go with me?" said Mr. Jarr feebly.

"He'll go all right," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Tell him a friend of yours has been arrested for bootlegging, and you know where the liquor is hidden."

And when Mr. Jarr did so, Detective McGonigle cried, "I'm on the job!"

"Raise 14 Children As Easily As Three"

How and Why This Can Be Done Explained by Mrs. Frank A. Logan, American Mother of Fourteen Children in Seventeen Years.

By Fay Stevenson.

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FOURTEEN children in seventeen years! That is the record of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Logan of No. 32 Littleton Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Foreigners frequently have families of this size, but when an American man and woman undertake to rear so large a family every one whispers: "But where are they going to get the food and the shoes? It costs too much nowadays to have large families."

And yet—"When you are bringing up a family of two or three it takes just as much time and almost as much money as it does to have a very large family," said Mrs. Logan at her frame cottage in Newark. Although the fourteenth baby is only seven days old, Mrs. Logan was about doing the housework and looking after the healthy little brood in the back yard.

The baby is a girl, the sixth in the family, and weighs twelve pounds. The oldest girl is sixteen, and eight boys of the family range from one to fifteen years of age. Mr. Logan is a motorman employed by the Public Service Railway Company.

"You see, my children have no sensible names. There is Frank, Charles, Joseph, John, James, Robert, Wilbur, Raymond, Irene, May, Marie, Edna and Ruth."

Every one of Mrs. Logan's children is fat and rosy with health. Usually among so many you will find a cripple or one child who is slightly defective, but these children are all fit for the baby show. Their eyes are clear and their skins pink, with the flush of youth and they are robust with all the rapidity and agility of the Goose-neck children in the play, from under beds, over tables and behind mother's skirts.

"I feed my children very little meat," said Mrs. Logan, "that, because it is too expensive, and, secondly, because I think they thrive better upon oatmeal, rice, potatoes, green vegetables and milk. In the winter I give them a stew or broth."

"Nor do I allow them to get up in the middle of the night. They



MR. AND MRS. FRANK A. LOGAN AND 13 OF THEIR 14 CHILDREN.

stock for the tiny tots and nine for the older ones is the rule. Most of my children are so young that I keep them in the back yard where they are safe from autos and baby trucks. Of course, it takes time and patience to

care for my brood, but after all it is worth while. My husband and I were both born in Newark, and we are both of good American stock.

So here's to the Logans, the stock and the littlest of the Logans.

For the Housewife's Scrapbook

Paste is a kitchen necessity and can be made at home at a saving. Put two cups of flour in a sifter. Put not add cold water to make a smooth paste, then gradually stir in sufficient boiling water to make a stiff starch. Run through a sieve to remove lumps. When lukewarm add one teaspoonful of borax and stir well. Pour into a jar or wide-mouthed bottle and cork tightly. Emear the cork with vasoline to prevent its shrinking.

If a cork has become too loose for a bottle, to avoid evaporation or spilling of contents, thrust the cork into boiling water and let it soak until the water cools.

White enameled furniture and other articles can be easily and perfectly cleaned by adding about a teaspoonful of olive oil to a pint of water and using good white soap.

Look Your Best

By Doris Doscher

Dear Miss Doscher:

In looking over the paper I became interested in your good advice. I would like to ask you a few questions regarding myself. I am nineteen years of age, weigh between 120 and 125 pounds and am 5 feet 2 inches high. How much overweight am I? I also have two very horrid warts on my left hand, and as I expect to become engaged within the next month I would appreciate any information you could give me.

V. A. C.

You are just about the right weight for your age and height. A caustic pencil, if carefully applied, is usually effective in removing the wart.

Dear Miss Doscher:

I am a girl of sixteen, 5 feet 3 inches and weigh 125 pounds. I am normally developed in every respect, but my bust is too large. I should appreciate very much if you could inform me how I might better my appearance. A. N.

An abnormally large bust is reduced by a lessening of the liquids in the diet and by exercises that bring into play the muscles that support the bust such as arm raising and backward bending. Massage and bathing with an astringent are also helpful. Deep breathing in many cases effects a reduction.

Dear Miss Doscher:

Will you kindly tell me how I can darken my hair? My scalp is very dry. How can I keep it oily so the hair won't be so dry? CHESTER.

If you will give your scalp a thorough massage every night, commencing at the base of the neck and working upward, you will do much toward encouraging the natural oils in the hair. A little olive oil or vasoline well rubbed into the scalp will slightly darken the hair and is a splendid tonic, especially for a dry scalp.

Dear Miss Doscher:

Will you kindly tell me how I can grow any taller, so that I will not be so short? I am 14 years of age and am 5 feet 6 inches tall and weigh 115 pounds. BARBARA S.

You are exceedingly tall for a girl of your age and I doubt if you will grow any taller, so therefore you need not worry about your weight as that will regulate itself when you are about sixteen.



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